

Well, stranger!

Thinking of what could have triggered your "you sound embattled but triumphant" when I have been seeking no press and getting almost none I finally decided it was that hypochondriac, hypocrite, whore Marty Rice and Spotlight.

If so most was out of context and the traditional anti-Semitism of the "international bankers" is fabrication.

Embattled? In a way? Triumphant? In all ways!

I've ~~survived~~ survived thrombophlebitis in both legs and thighs and consequent permanent damage and it is going on two years since some kind of arterial blockage (sub-clavian steal) was diagnosed. And I work every day, with some reform in sleeping habits.

Not up to as much physically as before but now that we have nice weather I get natural exercise - work - and spell that with resting, as now. So I do as much as I can, trying to remember that suddenly I was 66.

I've obtained hundreds of thousands of pages of once-secret official records and spend most of my time in that kind of work going over them and trying to either obtain what was improperly withheld from what was provided or getting what was improperly withheld in its entirety.

I've lost track of the number of cases under FOIA and current, but quite a few. When I lose one I still win something.

Of course I've also won some effective, dedicated enemies and I'm proud of them!

It was some time before I realize that earlier pretty card was from you. Something about the writing did not suggest you and suggested a friend who is a Canadian professor of classics. This one also is attractive. Going back to replenish your supply or for other purposes. Lucky one.

You happen to be a well-rotted manure sandwich and I must now put the top on.

Although I'm of reduced capability this past fall, winter and spring I've been engaged in the slow process of recapturing what I lost to the repressed influences of wild grapes, honeysuckle vines, greenbriars and an assortment of weeds and bushes I don't want. For the first time since 1975 I've been able to get all the way around a pair of magnificent dogwoods down a steep incline outside the entirely glass outer wall of the living room. They are hurting. And I had a two-year-old manure pile farther down the hill, near a pond we have. So having done as much as I thought wise without resting in getting a large cart of it to the downhill dogwood I'm out to spread the stuff and feed them.

All the trimmings and cuttings, by the way, go back to nature. What is under an inch is shredded for mulch and what is over that gets stacked for the coming winter's fireplace feeding.

Have a wonderful time,